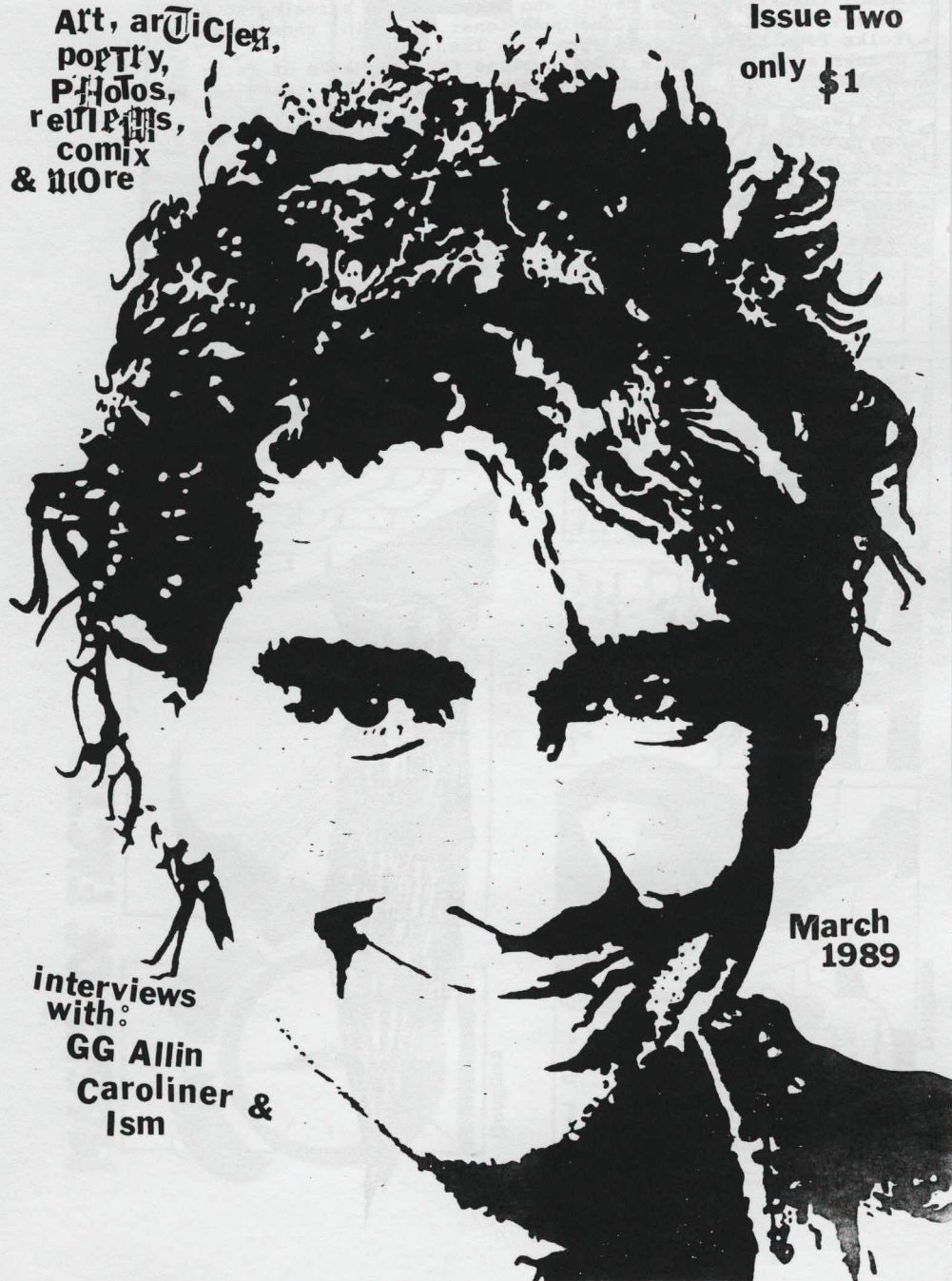


ear **R** OF CORN

FANZINE

Art, articles,
poetry,
photos,
reviews,
comix
& more

Issue Two
only \$1



March
1989

interviews
with:
GG Allin
Caroline &
Ism

This is issue #2 of EAR OF CORN fanzine. Again, I did just about all of the fucking work myself.

Thanks go to Regi Mentle, my buddy, for the cover pic of Pat Smear and numerous other contributions. Also, thanks to those people who helped me by agreeing to an interview and answering the questions: GG Allin, those nice folks from Caroliner and Jism from Ism. Thanks also to my pals Chet Douglass for the Masks of Facts comic and Chuck Hofmeister for some photos he has taken for me.

As always, this fanzine has no advertisements and is totally non-profit.

All work's credit goes to the people denoted.
All work not denoted is by the editor.

Issue #1 is still available for \$1 ppd. It has interviews with Mannequin Beach, Humidifier and Big Scary Death.

Issue #3 will be out when I get together enough junk for another issue.

Any orders, letters, entries or other submissions should be sent to EAR OF CORN c/o Dave P.O. Box 2143 Stow, OH 44224. Please send SASE if you wish to have any materials returned.

Thanks...

Now, onward.....

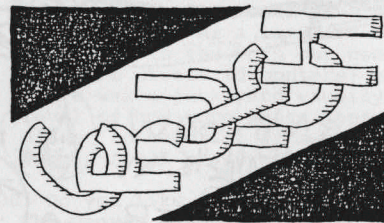


MASKS OF FACTS



Douglass

8/31/88



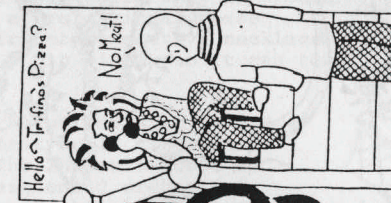
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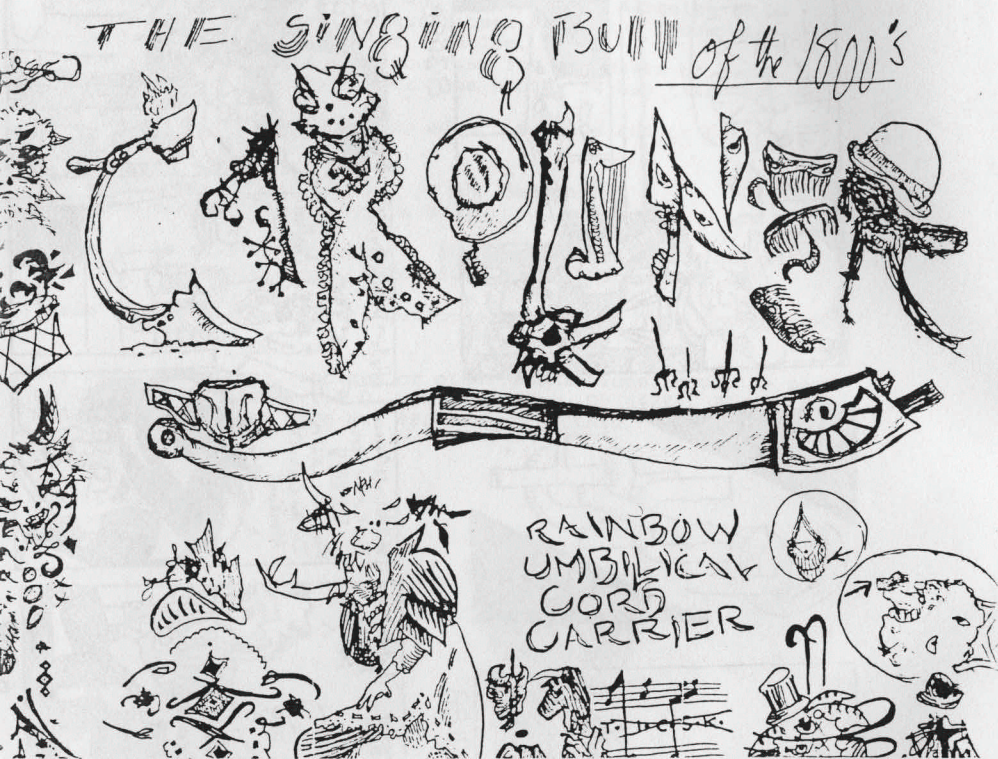
Douglass



6/28/88



CAROLINER is an unusual band from the Bay area. They have one of the best LP's I've ever heard. I can only advise everyone who doesn't own one; buy it! You can get their record or contact them at Subterranean Records P.O. Box 2530 Berkeley, CA 94702. The following interview was conducted through the post:



EOC: O.K., Cudskin Grux was in Bean Church before. What else have you people been involved in?

C: He was blackmailed because of an old power trip on losing 4 months rent in exchange for playing soup kitchen, stomach combustion music. It worked out okay according to most accounts even tho all the music was modern. Some members who had lived in California for years were in a band that was called Knucklelips or Knucklelips Knucklelips. It was an acoustic (except for gunshots as percussion) country western band that had pets once in a while howling along to the music. It was without vocals except for "pretty little wider" and "knucklelips knucklelips". They never played

CAROLINER interview continues:

C: outside of the house towards the end of Oakgrade Rd. where they had practiced.

M.L. Drinkurne played a standup bass for his parents gospel/magnet/sleepwell band that had two violins (ma & sis) also. The music with magnets swinging overhead and the soft preaching voice puts lots of people to sleep. Now, M.L. Drinkurne, playing in Caroliner has a "varmint trap" that sticks on his butt to make that somber bass playing into shin breaking-garbage drinking-toe yanking-horn growing music. The clamp squeezes some sort of nervous energy that no one can explain.

EOC: Whatever became of the coat with all the dead birds on it?

C: It was a dress and it's going to be in a horse show in Arcata or Eureka California being worn by a professional horse trainer/lover. Now we got a dead bird commemorative necklace that replaced it. It doesn't smell a bit either so it can tour real well with us.

EOC: Is there anything worthwhile in the world? What is it?

C: Bicycles for human beings are THE best built circulation made to work outside of the body. The Indian's music is probably as nice as anything a forest could orchestrate. Imagine that humans weren't alive on Earth, they are out in space shitting in each others mouth. Now, look around, it's kind of nice. As a band, we end up having a hoedown, burying ourselves in the worn out used up "trash" that gets put in treasure chests (dumpsters) everywhere. Where we're from, there was a junk yard usually and that is nothing on the level of how many shots these people in towns try at the planet to cover it with the blanket of ca ca that George Washington's head seems to relax with afterwards.

EOC: Do you like the Residents? (You sorta remind me of them)

C: The people we live with are completely different from us. Some into sport, some into cigarette. We live in these large community systems to avoid paying \$400 rent each. Some are nice some aren't, we like the ones who are potty trained for the most part.

EOC: What's the strangest thing you've ever seen?

C: In Bananafish #3, we put a picture of a creature we saw between CA & AZ that had a tail for a nose and a mouth in its asshole. Across the U.S., we saw 1/2 naked people running down the roads and, pulling up to one to see what was wrong, she said, "gotta jog, fuck off". Half naked across the U.S. I swear everywhere Mug Leg sneezed and out in her hand came some blood when covering the mouth. It was a backwards period of time, we decided.

First time we saw T.V.

Barn A.D.- My mother not sleeping for a week and wearing a plastic bottle bonnet so mosquitos couldn't poke holes in her brain.

CAROLINER interview continued:

EOC: How many people are in this band? B. Names? C. Occupations?
D. Preoccupations?

C: 6 or 7. Once in a while we have a pedal steel guest or a local relative to a historical figure that knows what we're talking about. Up on stage 4+ may show up.

B	C	D
Silverbean	Patches up socks and shirts, \$2+ per job	skin cancer, sun watching
Bingo Marvin	Bum	Loud boom sounds and collecting unordinary amounts of earwax because of it
Hack Heck	Library worker	Female high heels as drumsticks, hiding fortunes in pancakes & left around the country
The Barn Attic Dullard	Bum/Pottery maker	Chinaware, encouraging animals to rule humankind with diagrams on how to.
M.L. Drinkurne	Once a year faith healer	India, Injuns
Loud Amen Cushion	"Bouncing boil & tick remover" Full time ferrier and stall cleaner	Manure, the sound that comes with it. Cussing til the voice goes
Hug Leg Lesy	Autistic Wallpaper remover	Wallpaper

EOC: Did you form around the turn of the century? Did the goldmining days of the 1840's have an influence on your music?

C: We've been around since 83 but the other Caroliner was in and about the 1800's. Our band is a revival band of the singing bull of the 1800's: CAROLINER. Every song of worth from the 1800's were sung by CAROLINER. The singing bull visited mining camps supposedly which probably accounts for songs like Eggwipe, Shittin' Dice Ditty, and Fiddle w/the Heart Stuck in it. For us, the modern take you back 100+ years ago band that we are, mining camps in the 1840's given us the useful of ideas of using picks to make sounds. I guess like they did when fingers blister.

CAROLINER interview continuing:

EOC: Are your parents good people?

C: Some of our parents are good; some are idiots. If we were around 100 yrs. ago, we'd have had our eyelids chained to our feet and probably be working in factory cloth mills. But now with the advent of Speed Racer, Flintstones and Jetsons outlining alternative ways to live, the parents realize there's a huge possibility of jobs and alternative things to stable kids into.

Hack Heck was going to end up muling for a lifetime but something happened his parents and he slept in the library 'til a job came through. Most of us owe parents 200 lbs. of food or so, for keeping us alive. A friend of ours, Edmund, realized this and, having nothing to give back, started saving shit on a grass rug under his bed to present to them; at age 5 he was doing this. The smell was hunted by the parents and Edmund, claiming the special presents were a gift, got the tar beat out of him. Holding that beating hate like a priest crossing himself, he came into the habit of sneaking turds into his parents clothes and plum jam. Never wising up after leaving them, he still craps in jars and perfume bottles, conserving water along the way.

EOC: Tell me more. Anything you want.

C: We got into a discussion with a journalist from Wiring Dept. & it's here for the most part. It was what we'd give up our bodies to use as representations for the band:

Silverbean- The face wiped out and the body replaced with a bullhead as bright as the sun to suck vitamins out of the audience to make them hallucinate like the pioneers did, or bright as a TV to suck intelligence out.

Bingo- To alternate having to glue horse crap to me when we play, I'd climb inside a horse and not have to buy glue anymore. The drums would have to fit somewhere, too.

Barn A.D.- I wished I was a lyrical bulliten board since no one pays lyrical heed. I used to have darts for me and friends to game with. Each of us played the bulletin board.

M.L.- I don't wished I was bright as the sun, but just the ultaviolet with a body like a chessboard wishing it were an insanity making clock and a whole acre tall of jiggin slugs shown how to barn dance. My acre tall would be a backdrop to the Caroliner education in the front.

Hug- I wished for the longest time that I was an Indian god who threw up cow skulls and Western Wyoming and if not that then just the Earth.



MUSIC REVIEWS

HAPPY WORLD* Chinatown

The songs are mostly about love gone sour and the music is sort of pop gone sour. Good twists and turns to keep you guessing. A rather enjoyable record. 12" ep for \$7 from Rabid Cat Records P.O. Box 49263 Austin, TX 78765.

SOCKEYE* The Loony Misadventures of Your Dick

It's more fun and mayhem here, but more musically varied than past tapes. Here, we delve into country, pop, classical and heavy-psyche. Wonderful sentiments as usual like "Vegetarians are Wimps" for example. Cassette for \$2 from P.O. Box 2143 Stow, OH 44224.

VICTIM'S FAMILY* Quivering Lip/Son of Church Card

Two songs not included on the newest LP. "Quivering Lip" is a jangly little number and very catchy. The flip is a takeoff on an LP track, "Church Card". More great music by these guys. You can't go wrong with this band! Single for \$2.50 from Mordam Records P.O. Box 988 San Francisco, CA 94101.

JUDGE* New York Crew

Typical straightedge crap out of the Minor Threat mold. No smoking, no drinking and no sex makes, as usual, no fun on this record. How many more times can this be rehashed? If you want straightedge, look at the next review. 7" ep for \$3 from Schism Records 255 N. 8th #4L Brooklyn, NY 11211.

CRUCIAL YOUTH* The Posi-Machine

Yes, the cleanest of the clean. The boys who respect their elders, don't swear and floss are back! On milk-white colored vinyl and with a big comic/lyric booklet, how can you go wrong? You know this is the most positive, straight thing you'll ever own. 12" LP from New Red Archives Records.

HALO OF FLIES* Headburn

Wow! A fucking hot as hell record. Hazelmeyer the Great comes across with another winner. You can't complain. This baby has enough power on three songs for a whole album. 12" ep from Twin/Tone 2541 Nicollet Av. S. Minneapolis, MN 55404.

DEVO* Bush Wacked

This is a flexi that comes with Reflex magazine. A pretty cool song which was recorded back in 1979 and never released until now. If you are familiar with the band, this may bring a smile to your face. Sort of their early venture into the world of synth. Flexi with August 1988 issue of Reflex magazine 120 E. 32nd St. Suite 407 New York, NY 10016.

THE UNVOICED* Demo

A definite garagey feel comes with this five songer. Good sound quality and pretty catchy little punk tunes. Swell stuff. Cassette from Steve Munsell 6101 McBride St. Charlotte, NC 28215.

MORE REVIEWS

VARIOUS* Life is no Picnic...so Let's Eat Potatoes!

A compilation brought to you by those fine folks at Family Fest Fanzine. A lot of very fine stuff can be found on this tape and it includes Stikky! This is their first compilation and definitely not the last. Cassette from Family Fest c/o Steve Munsell 6101 McBride St. Charlotte, NC 28215. Only \$4!

VARIOUS* Frosty: the Water Puddle

The second of the Family Fest compilations. Another well put together tape. My favorite band on it is Humidifier. A total of 12 bands, doing 2 songs each. The cover art is quite funny, too. Cassette for \$4 from the above address.

VARIOUS* The Great Out Doors

The title to this one is a pun you can't understand without the tape cover. This is the third Family Fest compilation and as far as I am concerned, the best. In my opinion, the highlights are The Meenies doing Debbie Gibson's "Shake Your Love" and the silly dose of junior high humor at the end of side two. Cassette from the above address for the same price.

LARD* The Power of Lard

OK, so this is the newest Biafra. I guess I expected the normal amount of pseudo-sociopolitical (did I coin a phrase?) garbage. To call the three songs long is a bit of an understatement. Side one gives us "The Power of Lard" which is seven and a half minutes of something that could be likened to Big Black. Then comes the five minute ditty "Hellfudge" which is more reminiscent of the DK's. On side two is the painfully long, "Time to Melt". It's sort of like a 32 minute tribute to the Butthole Surfers. Slow, boring and dank. If you're a Biafra fan, you might like this. Otherwise, forget it. A big thumbs down. 12" ep or cassette for \$6 from Alternative Tentacles Records P.O. Box 11458 San Francisco, CA 94101.

GG ALLIN* Live in Chicago January 5, 1989 Video

If you think this guy is not a total animal, check this out!! He beats the fuck out of himself, eats his shit and gets his dick sucked by the crowd. This is a no frills, balls out performance that no one can match. It's got a 4 song soundcheck and a 10 song performance. Included are "This Blood's For You", "Bite It" and "I'm Gonna Rape You". This really shows you what the guy is all about. Video tape for \$25 from GG Allin P.O. Box 704 Oak Lawn, IL 60454.

NEW ROGER DIARRHEA* New Roger Diarrhea

This is a little on the odd side. Musically, a bit weak, but not bad. It's the story of New Roger, told in 12 "songs". They each appear to be little snippets of his life. Comes with lyrics and art booklet with one picture for each song. Cassette for \$2 from P.O. Box 2143 Stow, OH 44224.

MUDHEAD* The Jumbo Sound of Mudhead

This is a beautifully done twisty, turny psycho-rock piece of art. Two well done songs that may remind you of Sonic Youth getting their pants beaten off by Gibby Haynes. Pretty cool stuff. Well worth the money. 7" ep for \$3 from 4155 Warwick Blvd. Kansas City, MO 64111.

CHRIST ON PARADE* Avarice

All the power you would expect from these guys is pressed into a vinyl masterpiece once again. The intensity has done nothing but gotten greater in the past few years. A really good follow-up to the excellent, A Mind is a Terrible Thing LP. My only complaint is that there is only five songs on this release. 7" ep for \$3.50 from A Matter of Image P.O. Box 8225 Berkeley, CA 94707.

RESIDENTS* Snakey Wake

This is a 20 minute CD of music that was supposedly performed live at Snakefinger's wake on August 24, 1987. As it turns out, this was not recorded live. Instead, it was recorded before the wake and played at the event. At any rate, the music is of the highest Residential quality. It starts out with a rendition of Hank Williams' "Six More Miles to the Graveyard" and then are a couple old English laments. A fitting tribute to a great artist. CD for \$13.97 for UWEB members only from UWEB 35 Montana St. San Francisco, CA 94112.

SONIC YOUTH/MUDHONEY* Touch Me I'm Sick/Halloween

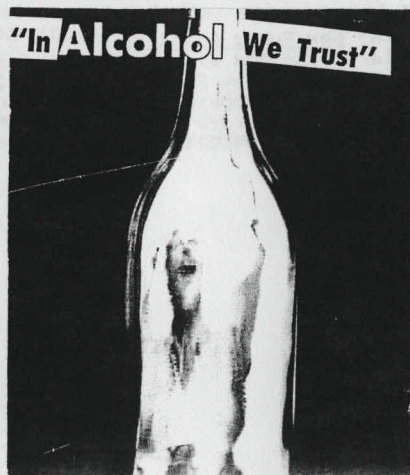
On this record, Sonic Youth does a Mudhoney song and vice-versa. It's sludge and mud and grub and it rocks the slow painful way. Sort of a novelty item, but if you like either or both bands, this is a record to own. 7" ep on Sub Pop or rereleased as 12" ep on Blast First Records.

HERMANOS GUZANOS* Too Close to the Kitty

Some weird psycho-grunge-noise type stuff. It's been compared to the Butthole Surfers, but the music here strikes me as much more imaginative. Comes with this nifty little booklet with the song titles and some merchandising. The cover of the tape is awesome. You need this tape, so get it and don't miss out. Cassette for \$5 from Darrell Draeger P.O. Box 1425 Bakersfield, CA 93302.

THE ACCUSED* Martha Splatterhead's Maddest Stories Ever Told

As far as heavy metal goes, I like very few bands. These guys are one of those bands. The expected harsh sound of the Accused returns on this album with the great Blaine vocals. Also, has a load of cover tunes on it, my favorite of these is their cover of the Angry Samoans' "Lights Out." This is the way metal should be done. 12" LP from Combat Records.



mentle

Kent Winslow's Dream World. The book itself has been printed in pieces in The Match, an anarchist journal. It should be noted that this book does not carry the standard ISBN number, the common way to keep track of what is being published. The missing number, however, is intentional, in order that the artistic integrity of the book is not compromised.

The story is that of Winslow's life and the forming of his anarchistic ideals. If this idea turns you off; wait, this is not another ideological manifesto. It is a beautifully written book by and about a man who has experienced more than most folks even dare dream about. It is about a man who took responsibility for his destiny and did as well as a human being could.

This is also one of the more inspiring books one is likely to find. Far beyond any self-help manual, this book gives account of the way one person has lived, so that we all might profit from his successes and his failings.

The words written here cannot begin to do justice to such a fine book, so the only advice I can give is to get a copy and read. The book is 291 pages and only costs \$8 ppd. from The Match P.O. Box 3488 Tucson, AZ 85722. Also read The Match, available for \$2 per issue from the same address.

mentle

Convictions Meet Reality.

Our lives are sudden and
changing and sometimes
beyond our control.

ISM is a New York band that has been around for a long time. They've got a bunch of records out and they're all worth owning. If you'd like to get ahold of this great band, write to Jism P.O. Box 774 Oakland Gardens, NY 11364. The photo below (left to right) is: Mark Reres-guitars,vocals / Jism-vocals,piano,organ / Larry Ray-drums,vocals / Steve Scianablo-bass. The interview was conducted through the mail with Jism and it goes like this:



EOC: First off, why was there the 3 year gap in releases?

JISM: At first, Ism recorded an entire LP's worth of material to be released by a big indie label- well, things did not go as planned, so we had to re-organize and issue "Nightmare at Noon" ep ourselves. Financial planning and research prevented the disc from coming out sooner. I promise- this will never happen again!

ISM interview continues:

EOC: What caused you to change your sound so much from the Constantinople ep to Nightmare at Noon?

JISM: Ism is constantly changing their sound, while maintaining their own identity sound. Nightmare at Noon was our stab at a different market. The band continues to grow musically- therefore polishing up the rough edges. Actually- the sound has a lot to do with the songs. Constantinople featured 4 individual cuts that differ both musically as well as spiritually. That ep also features Greg D'Angelo, who now drums with White Lion. (tsk, tsk!!) Nightmare at Noon was intended to be part of an LP, while Constantinople was more of a free-form, anything goes deal. As a matter of fact, both are contradictory in sound compared to the "Diet for Worms" LP of 1983.

EOC: Why did you do a cover of the Residents' "Constantinople" (and Blue Rosebuds)? Are you a big fan of theirs?

JISM: I am definitely a big Residents fan, and as a musician, I love paying tribute to my influences. The Constantinople ep also features a cover of a Fugs tune- "C.I.A. Man". Duck Stab, Diskomo and Eskimo are among my favorite Residents' LP's. Also, check out Santa Dog, a song featuring the late great Snakefinger. I think this song is on a Residents Greatest Hits package. Getting back to the question- Besides how could you top doing a re-make of the Partridge Family's- I Think I Love You (Diet for Worms LP-1983)- simple- cover a Residents tune!!!

EOC: What kinds of music do you enjoy?

JISM: I enjoy what I am in the mood to listen to at various times of the day. Everything from Mums Mabley to Emerson, Lake & Palmer! I could tell you what I can't stand listening to easier than what I actually like- I hate- Rush, Molly Hatchet, Jack Mack & the Heart Attack (from the Joan Rivers Show), Debbie Gibson, and all that crap, dance music (you know what I mean), Husker Dogshit, and the list goes on and on.

EOC: Do you still practice or play the old stuff? Are you concentrating on new material? What?

JISM: Yes- Ism performs a couple of tunes from the old stuff. Presently, we are concentrating on new songs for a 24 track master. The new stuff is TOTALLY DIFFERENT from any previous Ism sound- but definitely in the same extraordinary musical vein. I guarantee you'll not only relate to it- but love it as well. Sorry- no more hints!!

EOC: Do you plan a tour for the future? When will it take place & where?

JISM: Yes- 10 sold-out nights at Wembley Stadium in England- geez this Jack Daniels is starting to hit me! But seriously- as soon as we get the new record out, and some financial backing, Ism will take our music to the masses. A show you will want to attend- for sure. Fuck the Jack Daniels.

ISM interview continued:

EOC: What the fuck is that picture of on the back cover of
A Diet for the Worms?

JISM: The picture is that of a corpse left out to pasture, after
several days of being "dead". It is meant to symbolize
"Death"- as compared to the front cover of a baby being born-
in other words- one day we will all be "A Diet for the
Worms". Get it??

EOC: Is it possible to get ahold of any of the old 7"ers?

JISM: Yes- a certified check or money order for- make me an offer!
Better yet- I'll pay you for an original copy of the Ism
"I Think I Love You" 7", with original picture sleeve!

EOC: Will Ism survive into the 90's?

JISM: I sincerely hope so. There are lots of musical ideas that
have yet to be recorded by Ism. If given the opportunity-
we will blow minds. (but that's all we'll blow!!)

EOC: What else do you do besides Ism?

JISM: Masturbate on a semi-regular basis, um,- Deal with the game
of life- ask alot of unanswered questions- ignore or amuse
myself by talking to assholes, shit man, um, practice my
piano playing, shave every 2-3 days, watch late night TV,
put gas in my car, eat White Castle, read magazines &
tabloids, make phone calls, in other words I lead a very
interesting life!

EOC: What do you think of the latest fads; straightedge & skinhead?
How about the old fads; punk/hardcore?

JISM: Wow-this is a tough one. It's all bullshit- believe it or not-
everybody is a phoney- or real, pending on their environment.
A fad gives one the opportunity to cash in on a "look", and
also to supposedly give you an identity, or, sense of
security by belonging to a particular group. Golly gee and
Rooty-toot-toot-"I'm into Heavy Metal", "I'm into Hardcore",
I'm an insecure person who is not happy or in touch with my
own feelings or thoughts. I am not older than say- 25
(benefit of the doubt). I live in America and have no brain.
That's what I think about fads.-Believe in yourself and
you'll be O.K.

EOC: When you were young, did your mom make you eat lots of shit
you hated? What?

JISM: Yes- once my parents made me drink Bosco- straight!! when I
was 5 or 6. I think this had a major effect on my pseudo-
personality. When I was young I was skinny as a rail- I still
am. Karen Carpenter- here I come!

EOC: Who do you think is the biggest dickhead in the world? Why?

JISM: Lots are tied for first place with not enough room for the
"whys". Let's see now, the Rev. Al Sharpton, Glenn Danzig's
current road manager (personal reasons), Alan Faucett from
Puttin' on the Hits, Rex Smith, all the phoney stuck-up
stars in Hollywood and Entertainment Tonight, teachers, check-
out girls, etc... In other words- the people that you meet on
a daily basis- one dickhead skumbag after another. At times
I feel as though I'm dealing with idiots!

ISM interview continuing:

EOC: What do you think of the new prez?

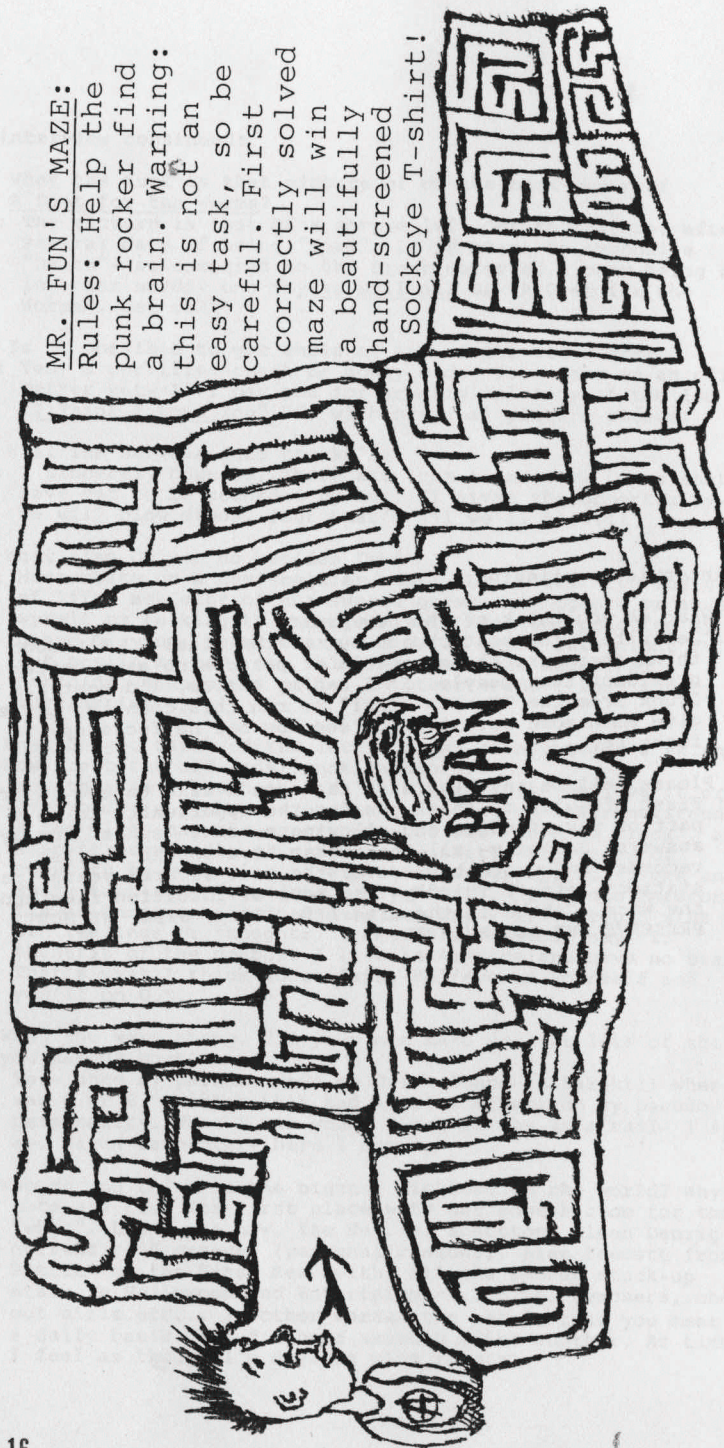
JISM: Definitely the best choice out of the final 2. Although I do
think there are those capable of performing as a better vice
president than Quayle. If I had my choice, I'd want Jim the
Drunk from the TV show "Taxi" to run this country. Let's
give Bush some more time to see how bad he fucks up- if he
fucks up.

EOC: Please tell me anything else that you'd like to see in print.

JISM: First off- let me thank you for the opportunity to be a
part of your fanzine and allowing me some "space" for my
answers. Secondly- all those that have bought the Ism
records, and wrote to us over the past several years- radio
stations, etc... Thirdly- The Soul of Intuition lies upon
the Wire. Catcha in the afterlife- Easy, Jism. WE MUST
PRESERVE THE OZONE LAYER.

MR. FUN'S MAZE:

Rules: Help the
punk rocker find
a brain. Warning:
this is not an
easy task, so be
careful. First
correctly solved
maze will win
a beautifully
hand-screened
Sockeye T-shirt!



things i'll do

I'll take all the leaders of all the countries
And crack their little heads together.
My friends will all help me;
We'll put all of those leaders on buses
That head off north to where nobody lives.
There, they can have all of the weapons they want.
I'll require them by contract to fight 'til the death.
Then, when only one stands,
He or she will be Ruler Of The World.
But then, I'll match the winner up
In a boxing match against god; winner take all.

I won't know anybody by the time I'm 30.
I'll slowly start forgetting right now
And I won't stop until I don't know anything
Then, I'll start learning things back
And by the time I'm 45, I'll know everything again.

I'll grow bigger than the whole universe one day
And before I get bored of being that big,
I'll outlaw everything that's smaller than me.

Trees sometimes get in my way.
I'll take several of them and have them chopped into tiny bits.
Then, I'll take them out and show the other trees
What will happen the next time they get in my way.

Someday, I'll learn how to forge the president's signature.
Then, before I forget, I'll declare war on all of our allies.

I'll grow some plants that can talk.
Then, I'll tell them to shut up.

I'll create a landfill out of doll's heads
And then I'll let sperm whales swim around in it
As long as they promise not to beach themselves.

My pants jumped up and ran away.
Someday, I'll find where they are living
And tell the police to bring them home.
When I finally get them back,
I'll put them to bed without supper.

I'll switch my eyes with my arms
So I can see all of the things
That happen when I bump my head.

I'll grab a car and throw it off a cliff
In hopes that the light from the explosion
Will be enough for me to read by.

Cakes, law has declared, can be baked to any size.
I'll bake one the size of the Empire State Building.
I'll leave it sit in my back yard
And hope that they never pass that ammendment
Which says, "You can have your cake, but you must eat it, too."

STARTING A BAND IS AS EASY AS 1-2-3-4-5-6

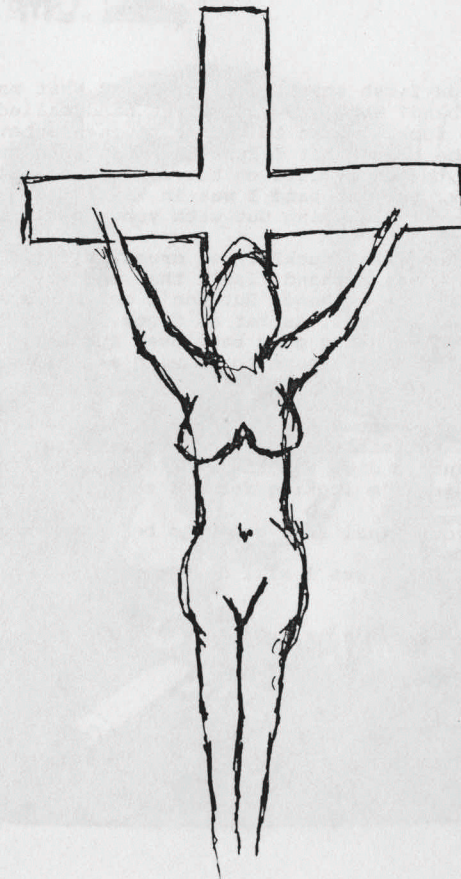
The following six steps are a guide to starting your very own band! If you ever thought it was tough to do, remember: it isn't, so here's what to do:

1. Find some friends who want to start a band, too. This is much preferable to advertising for people you don't know. This way, at least, you'll get along with each other for a while; probably not too long, but for long enough to practice a couple times, if you're lucky. Also, you might want to try to find friends who own instruments, although, it's really not necessary.
2. So, assuming you've been able to scrape some people together, you're ready for the most important step: choosing a name for the band. One approach has proven effective time and again: who cares, no one will ever listen to us anyway. Although this is likely to be true, the most fun will come in choosing the name. Also, it may cause so much disagreement that the band will break up before step #3, thus sparing the world from your crappy music. But, should you make it through the debate, remember these band naming hints. First, keep away from using the words DEAD, DEATH, YOUTH or BUTTHOLE SURFERS as part of your band name. Second, if you wish for dumb punk rockers to remember your band's name, use a three word name, which can be abbreviated by initials. It's time tested and true! Remember: the name of the band can determine its success.
3. All right now, assuming you've got your name and are still friends, it's time to make up some music. Several bands circumvent this step by simply stealing other bands' ideas. This is, however, not suggested if you wish the shelf-life of your band to be over three weeks. So, if you do get off your fat asses and try something original, you do need two things: lyrics and music. Now, the first requires nothing more than the power of speech, so that's self-explanatory. One suggestion would be to stay away from the obvious crap like politics, social concerns, etc. Musically, it would help if you've got instruments, but if not, use garbage cans, armpits, sneezing or whatever else you can think of to make some noise.
4. Now comes the dirty word in music: practice. I admit that this step should not waste too much of your time. As little practice as possible is a good thing to strive for, but you should practice the songs you have written, so that you can move on to step #5. If you wish to play things only once and forget about them, you'll either be a real shitty band or what people like to call a tape band, which means you only makes tapes. It's almost impossible to distinguish between the two.
5. Now, perform your music for other people. No, this does not mean that you have to have a gig at the Roxy or Whateverthefuck Bar and Grille. Just get some dopes together in a basement, attic or kitchen and it is guaranteed that someone will be stupid enough to like your music. So, just have a party and make some noise. It's all relative as to what success is, now.

MAKING YOUR OWN STUPID BAND continued:

6. Merchandise! Yeah, make stickers, tapes, records, t-shirts or whatever else you can, to rip people off. It might be a good idea to first be sure that you can unload some of this garbage before you make too much of it. A good rule is: give them a little and they'll want more. Or you can just say "fuck it" and totally overmerchandise.
6. (Alternate) As an option here, if you're lucky enough, you'll have the chance to "sell out". If this holds bad connotations for you, it shouldn't. Selling out means one thing: money, and try to tell me that you don't want it!

So, now you've made your mark in the world with an honest-to-goodness band, so what. Well, now you can continue running through steps #3-6 and try to milk it for all it's worth (note: #3-6 can be done in any order, just be careful!) or you can start from step #1 again or, for those of you who have wised up already, you can just give up. Good luck with your band!



GG ALLIN. Hey, need I say more? You can write to him, if you want at P.O. Box 704 Oak Lawn, IL 60454. This interview was done through the mail:



EOC: When did you first start playing music? What made you want to form a band? What was your first band called?

GG: I started a fucking band to get my revenge on everybody & to trash all the clubs that I fucking hated & to hurt people basically & to put my life on the line. There is nobody else worth a fuck. The 1st band I was in was Little Sisters Date because we were all going out with young girls & acid.

EOC: When was your first fuck? first drugs? first drink? etc.

GG: My first fuck was my hand. Isn't that the way it is. I'm sure last fuck will be my hand. But don't get me wrong, girls, guys & dogs are OK as well. As far as drugs, it was too far back to remember & drinking goes back even further. But what the fuck do my bad habits have to do with anything. Just don't trigger my brain.

EOC: How old are you now? Why do you want to die on Halloween 1990?

GG: My age does not matter. I'll keep up with any motherfucker. Why do I want to die? Why the fuck do I want to live. I'm not afraid to die. I'm looking forward to it.

EOC: Where is your final show going to be? Are you going to play a show first?

GG: Probably in NYC & yes I will do the final show.

GG ALLIN interview continues:

EOC: Is there any music you like other than your own? What?
GG: I listen to all shit from Hank Williams to Adolph Nigger. You just gotta walk through shit to find what's real or not.

EOC: Who was Dick Urine? What happened to him?
GG: He's dead.

EOC: I've seen some poetry and art of yours, is the music just an extension of this?

GG: My music, poetry and art are my fucking life. It's my fucking mind & a way of life. You'll feel it in me. I am it & I don't have to prove anything to anyone. I already have. I paved the road so the rest can follow.

EOC: All your stuff is based on your life, what else about your life would you like to tell?

GG: Not a fucking thing.

EOC: Is there anything you wouldn't do?

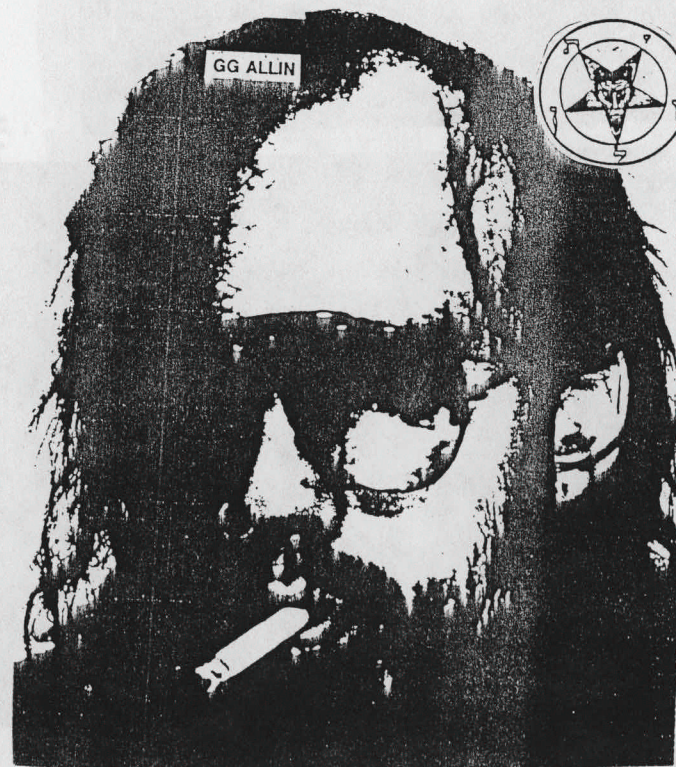
GG: I'm killing myself, what the fuck do you think.

EOC: How's your touring been going? Any fun stories to tell?

GG: No. I just get on the bus & go. If you want stories ask someone else cause I ain't got that much time.

EOC: Anything else at all?

GG: No.



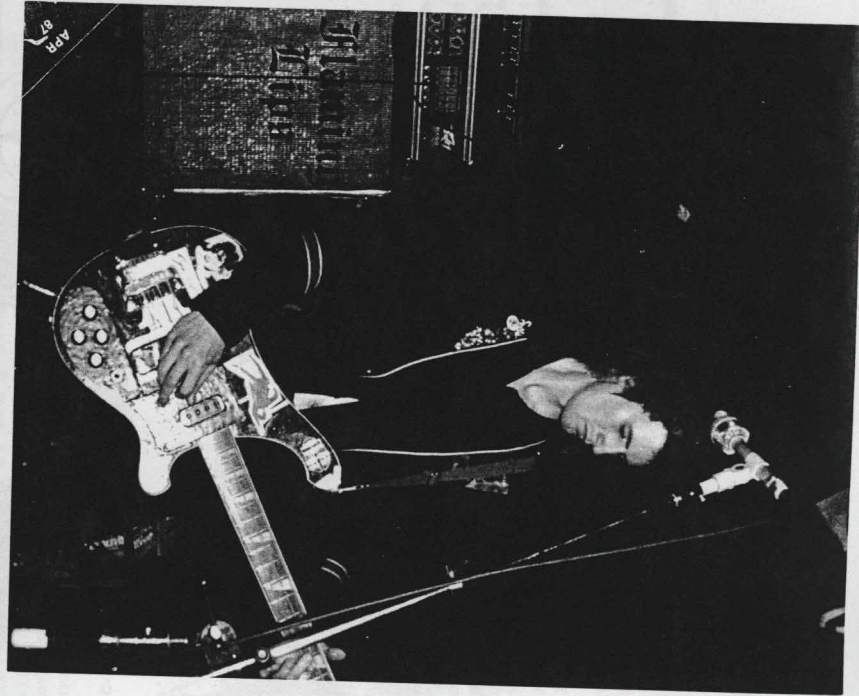


photo by Chuck

DOUG goes to work



Earl W. Wynn
po box 2143
stow, OH 44224

deliver this garbage to:

